

RUMI

DIVANI SHAMSI TABRIZ



Edited and Translated by
Reynold A. Nicholson, M.A.

Divani Shamsi Tabriz /
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Jalal al Din Rumi, Mawlana,
NEW COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA (SF)

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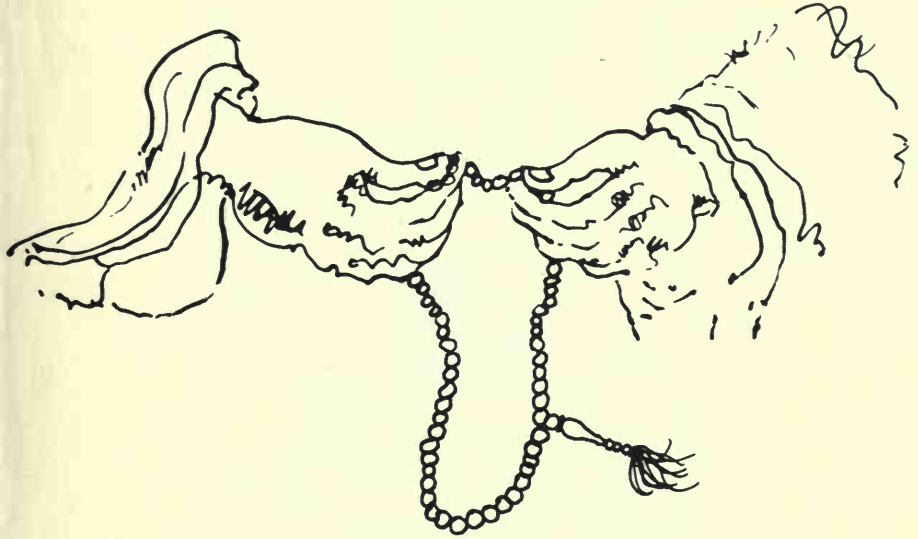
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to
the
DERVISH
in
us
all



The heart is like a grain, we resemble the mill;
does the latter know why it turns?

The body is like the mill, thoughts are the water
which makes it turn; the mill creaks and
the water recognises its movement.

The water says: Ask the miller, who sends this
water down the mill-stream?

And the miller will tell thee: O eater of bread,
if the mill turned not, who would be baker?

Many strange things will happen: silence!

Ask God to inform thee.

Jellal-ed-din Rumi

CONTENTS

Introduction 11

Divani Shamsi Tabriz 17

Notes to the reader 117



INTRODUCTION

Jellal-ed-din Rumi was born in Balkh, Afganistan on September 30th 1207, son of Baha'u'ddin Walad a well known professor of theosophy and a student of the teachings of Ibn 'Arabi. Rumi's father, who could not refrain from political debate, was forced to take his family and leave Balkh in 1210.

That same year the great Andalusian Sufi Master Ibn 'Arabi arrived in Konya while on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He stayed in Konya a year and taught Shird al-din who became his closest disciple and was to be the link between Arabi's works and Jellal-ed-din Rumi.

For sixteen years Baha'u'ddin Walad and his family travelled, passing through Mecca, Damascus, Arzanjan in Armenia and Laranda where Rumi was married. It is said when the travellers passed through Nishapur they met the Sufi poet and mystic Faridu-ddin Attar who gave the young Rumi a copy of his "Book of Mysteries", and his blessings. Finally they came to Konya where they settled and his father became a professor under the royal patronage of Anatolia.

Baha'u'ddin Walad died in 1228 and his son Rumi, who was a great student of theosophy, became professor and attracted several hundred students to his classes. His environment was always one of learning before and after inheriting his father's library and position.

In 1230 Burhan al-Din Muhaqqiq a close friend and disciple of Rumi's father came to Konya. He was a true dervish who had lived in solitude in the mountains in a state of mystical ecstasy. Upon his arrival in Konya Burhan was informed that his friend and teacher had been dead a year. He decided to stay and devote his life to the spiritual training of Jellal-ed-din Rumi.

For the next nine years Rumi was initiated into the Sufi doctrine. He journeyed to Aleppo and Damascus with his teacher. At the death of Burhan in Kayseri Rumi collected his teacher's books and papers and returned to Konya to teach its youth.

In 1244 Shamsi Tabriz arrived in Konya. He wore an old, patched, black wool cloak and had no possessions. Sometimes Shamsi was called *Parinda* or *winged one*, because he had wandered in many lands seeking spiritual teachers. When Shamsi met Rumi he took his books and threw them in a pool of water saying "Now you must live what you know." When a disturbed Rumi moved to save his books Shamsi told him that the theoretical knowledge in his books was meaningless but if they meant so much to him he could remove them from the pool and they would be dry. Rumi declined and the two men embraced.

To the jealousy of Rumi's students, who referred to him as Mevlana (Our Master), the two merged as one being in the fatherhood of God. Rumi was the teacher, the prophet, and Shamsi the enigmatic catalyst who knows and knows that he knows.

The two men were in like of God. They became their own planet. Rumi, the earth, his function to uplift the consciousness of man, revolving around and finally merging with Shamsi, the Sun. This is the ecstasy spoken of by the Sufis—to lose oneself in God-consciousness. Rumi once told of the death of Al Hallaj, the great Sufi saint.

Al Hallaj had claimed that he was the Truth and the people had dismembered his body. Rumi then said that if he told what *he* knew his body would be chopped into small pieces. When it is found out that one knows the Truth, the payment is dear.

For Shamsi the payment for Knowledge was his head. For Rumi, the mystic, it was the knowledge that no one was prepared to receive his secret and he would die with it still in his heart.

Caught in the jealousy of losing the interest of their beloved teacher, the students of Rumi could not lift the veil of ignorance to ask themselves what it was that these two God intoxicated men did for one hundred and one consecutive days which caused them to have cosmic effulgence, to emanate such peace from the depths of their beings, to leave their worldly attachments, and how man can reach this state so necessary for his inner growth and yet so distant from his earthly reach.

Shamsi was driven from Konya by the students of Rumi. He fled to Damascus where he stayed for two years before Rumi in desperate loneliness for his beloved friend, who mirrored his own true Self, sent his son Sultan Walad, who found Shamsi and showered him with homage before bringing him back to Konya. Sultan Walad himself went afoot holding the stirrup of the horse Shamsi rode.

Again the two soul friends embraced for a long time and again certain mureeds could not contain their jealously. They plotted to slay Shamsi.

On a Tuesday in May 1247 Shamsi Tabriz left the side of his beloved spiritual brother and stepped into the garden. His killers circled him and stabbed at his flesh. From the depths of his soul came the cry "*There is no other god but God*" and it was these words uttered with the last breath of Shamsi Tabriz that shattered the consciousness of his slayers. When they awoke all that they found was a few drops of blood, but the body of Shamsi had disappeared and no trace of it has ever been found.

On the fortieth day after the murder Rumi ordered mourning robes, a white shirt open at the chest and a honey colored wool fez. On his feet he wore rough sandals. Lost in thoughts of the beloved, he would whirl around one of the architectural poles in his garden. Here he began the dance of the whirling dervish. He would turn until he reached the place of disassociation of body and thoughts and his heart opened into ecstasy. Silently he repeated the name of God.

Mevlana Jellal-ed-din Rumi passed into eternity on December 17th 1273, on a Sunday evening when the sunset was painting the horizon of Konya red.

Hazrat Inayat Khan relates the Sufi tale of an ancient mysterious wall which stood at the edge of a village and whenever any one climbed the wall to look on the other side, instead of coming back he smiled and jumped to the other side never to return. The inhabitants of the village became curious as to what could draw these beings to the other side of the wall. After all, their village had all the necessities of living a comfortable life. They made an arrangement where they tied a person's feet so when

he looked over and wished to jump, they could pull him back. The next time someone tried to climb the wall to see what was on the other side, they chained his feet so he could not go over. He looked on the other side and was delighted at what he saw and smiled. Those standing below grew curious to question him and pulled him back. To their great disappointment he had lost the power of speech.

Ya Hazrat Mevlana
Praise be to Our Master
God Keep His Secret

Shams (Ira Friedlander)



DĪVĀNI SHAMSI TABRĪZ

SELECTED POEMS

I.

If thou art Love's lover and seekest Love,
Take a keen poniard and cut the throat of bashfulness.
Know that reputation is a great hindrance in the path ;
This saying is disinterested : receive it with pure mind.
Wherefore did that madman work madness in a thousand
forms,

That chosen wild one display a thousand wiles ?
Now he rent robe, and now sped o'er mountain,
Now sipped poison, and now chose death.
Since the spider seized prey so large,
Behold what the snare of *My Lord the Supreme* will do !
Since the love of Laila's face had such value,
How will it be with "*He took His servant by night*" ?

Hast thou not seen the divāns of Waisa and Rāmīn?
Hast thou not read the tales of Wāmiq and 'Adrā?
Thou gatherest up thy garment lest the water should wet it:
Needs must thou plunge a thousand times in the sea.
Love's way is all lowliness and drunkenness:
For the torrent runs down: how should it run upward?
Thou wilt be as the bezel in the ring of lovers
If thou art the bezel's thrall, O master.
Even as this earth to the sky is thrall,
Even as the body to the spirit is thrall.
Come, say, what did the earth lose by this connexion?
What kindnesses has not the reason done to the limbs?
It behoves not, son, to beat a drum under a quilt;
Plant, like brave men, thy banner in the midst of the desert.
Hark with the soul's ear to the sounds innumerable
In the hollow of the green dome, rising from lovers'
passionate cry.

When the strings of thy robe are loosed by the intoxication of love,
Behold heaven's triumph and Orion's bewilderment!
How the world, high and low, is troubled
By love, which is purified from high and low!
When the sun goes up, where stayeth night?
When the joy of bounty came, where lagged affliction?
I am silent. Speak thou, O soul of soul of soul,
From desire of whose face every atom grew articulate.

II.

Our desert hath no bound,
Our hearts and souls have no rest.
World in world has ta'en Form's image ;
Which of these images is ours ?
When thou seest in the pathway a severed head,
Which is rolling toward our field,
Ask of it, ask of it, the secrets of the heart :
For of it thou wilt learn our hidden mystery.
How would it be, if an ear showed itself,
Familiar with the tongues of our songsters ?
How would it be, if a bird took wing,
Bearing the collar of the secret of our Solomon ?
What shall I say, what think ? for this tale
Is too high for our limited and contingent being.

How keep silence, when every moment
Our anguish grows more anguished?
Partridge and falcon alike are flying together
Mid the air of our mountain-land;
Mid an air which is the seventh atmosphere,
At the zenith whereof is our Saturn.
Are not the seven heavens below the empyrean?
Beyond the empyrean is our revolution.
What place here for aspirations toward the empyrean
and the sky?
Our journey is to the rose-garden of union.
Leave this tale. Ask not of us,
For our tale is wholly interrupted.
Şalâhu 'lḥaq ū dîn will declare to thee
The beauty of our Sultan, the King of kings.

III.

Yestereve I delivered to a star tidings for thee :

‘Present,’ I said, ‘my service to that moon-like form.’

I bowed, I said : ‘Bear that service to the sun

Who maketh hard rocks gold by his burning.’

I bared my breast, I showed it the wounds :

‘Give news of me,’ I said, ‘to the Beloved whose drink
is blood.’

I rocked to and fro that the child, my heart, might
become still ;

A child sleeps when one sways the cradle.

Give my heart-babe milk, relieve us from its weeping,

O thou that helpst every moment a hundred helpless
like me.

The heart’s home, first to last, is thy city of union :

How long wilt thou keep in exile this heart forlorn ?

I speak no more, but for the sake of averting headache,

O Cup-bearer, make drunken my languishing eye.

Metaphysics of creation

IV.

David said: 'O Lord, since thou hast no need of us,
Say, then, what wisdom was there in creating the two
worlds?' *heaven & earth*

God said to him: 'O temporal man, I was a ~~hidden~~
Treasure; - *formless* -

I sought that that treasure of lovingkindness and bounty
should be revealed.

I displayed a mirror—its face the heart, its back the
world—

Its back is better than its face—if the face is unknown
to thee.'

When straw is mixed with clay, how should the mirror
be successful?

When you part the straw from the clay, the mirror be-
comes clear. *(mushajida)*

transmutation
Grape-juice does not turn to wine, unless it ferment
awhile in the jar; - *ecstasy*

Would you have your heart grow bright, you must take
a little trouble.

The soul which issued forth from the body—my king
saith to it: *(no changes)*

'Thou art come even as thou wentest: where are the
traces of my benefactions?' *blessings*

'Tis notorious that copper by alchemy becomes gold:

Our copper has been transmuted by this rare alchemy.

*your heart is the
mirror -*

*The nature of our
emotions is not
to live in essence.*

From God's grace this sun wants no crown or robe :
He is cap to a hundred bald men and cloak to ten naked.
Child, Jesus sate on an ^{body} ass for humility's sake :
How else should the ^{zephyr} ride on the back of an ass!?
O spirit, make thy head in search and seeking like the
water of a stream,
And O reason, to gain eternal life tread everlastingly the
way of death. (*give up reason*)
Keep God in remembrance till self is forgotten, *transmute*
That you may be lost in the Called, without distraction *reason*
of caller and call.

The metaphor carries
the meaning.

Jesus took the
physical form —
also = physical body.

Creation —

So hidden treasure
could be revealed.

Transmutation —

V.

A garden—may its rose be in flower to Resurrection !
An idol—may the two worlds be scattered o'er his beauty !
The prince of the fair goes proudly forth to the chase
at morning ;

May our hearts fall a prey to the arrow of his glance !
From his eye what messages are passing continually to
mine !

May my eyes be gladdened and filled with intoxication
by his message !

I broke an ascetic's door : with a prayer he banned me,
Saying, 'Go, may all thy life be without peace !'

No peace, no heart is left me, on account of his prayer,
by the Friend

Who thirsts for our blood—may God befriend him !

My body is like the moon which is melting for love,
My heart like Zuhra's lute—may its strings be broken !

Look not on the moon's waning nor on Zuhra's broken
state ;

Behold the sweetness of his affliction—may it wax a
thousandfold !

What a bride is in the soul! By the reflection of her
face

May the world be freshened and coloured like the hands
of the newly-married!

Look not on the fleshly cheek which corrupts and decays;
Look on the spiritual cheek—may it be sweet and
agrecable!

The dark body resembles a raven, and the body's world
winter;

Oh, in spite of these two unpleasants may there be
eternal spring!

For these two unpleasants subsist by the four elements:
May the subsistence of thy servants depend on some-
thing other than these four!

VI.

O thou who art my soul's comfort in the season of
sorrow,

O thou who art my spirit's treasure in the bitterness of
dearth!

That which the imagination has not conceived, that
which the understanding has not seen,

Visiteth my soul from thee; hence in worship I turn
toward thee.

By thy grace I keep fixed on eternity my amorous gaze,
Except, O king, the pomps that perish lead me astray.

The favour of that one, who brings glad tidings of thee,
Even without thy summons, is sweeter in mine ear than
songs.

In the prostrations of prayer thought of thee, O lord,
Is necessary and binding on me as the seven verses.

To thee belongs mercy and intercession for the sin of
infidels:

As regards me, thou art chief and principal of the stony-
hearted.

If a never-ceasing bounty should offer kingdoms,

If a hidden treasure should set before me all that is,

I would bend down with my soul, I would lay my face
in the dust,

I would say, 'Of all these the love of such an one for
me !'

Eternal life, methinks, is the time of union,

Because time, for me, hath no place there.

Life is the vessels, union the clear draught in them ;

Without thee what does the pain of the vessels avail me ?

I had twenty thousand desires ere this ;

In passion for him not even (care of) my safety remained.

By the help of his grace I am become safe, because

The unseen king saith to me, 'Thou art the soul of
the world.'

The essence of the meaning of "He" has filled my heart
and soul ;

"Au" cries the street-dog, and neither have I third or
second.

The body, at the time of union with him, paid no regard
to the spirit ;

Tho' incorporeal, he became visible unto me.

I aged with his affliction, but when Tabriz

You name, all my youth comes back to me.

VII.

That moon, which the sky ne'er saw even in dreams, has
returned

And brought a fire no water can quench.

See the body's house, and see my soul,

This made drunken and that desolate by the cup of his
love.

When the host of the tavern became my heart-mate,

My blood turned to wine and my heart to kabāb.

When the eye is filled with thought of him, a voice
arrives :

'Well done, O flagon, and bravo, wine!'

Love's fingers tear up, root and stem,

Every house where sunbeams fall from love.

When my heart saw love's sea, of a sudden

It left me and leaped in, crying, 'Find me.'

The face of Shamsi Din, Tabriz's glory, is the sun

In whose track the cloud-like hearts are moving.

Read as a song - everyone
taking a line -

VIII. The Glory of
God is man,

The man of God is drunken without wine,

The man of God is full without meat.

The man of God is distraught and bewildered,

The man of God has no food or sleep.

The man of God is a king 'neath darvish-cloak,

✓ The man of God is a treasure in a ruin.

The man of God is not of air and earth,

The man of God is not of fire and water.

The man of God is a boundless sea,

✓ The man of God rains pearls without a cloud.

The man of God hath hundred moons and skies,

The man of God hath hundred suns.

The man of God is made wise by the Truth,

The man of God is not learned from book.

↪ The man of God is beyond infidelity and religion,
To the man of God right and wrong are alike.
The man of God has ridden away from Not-being,
The man of God is gloriously attended.
The man of God is concealed, Shamsi Dīn ;
The man of God do thou seek and find !

IX.

Every moment the voice of Love is coming from left and right.

We are bound for heaven: who has a mind to sight-seeing?
We have been in heaven, we have been friends of the angels;

Thither, sire, let us return, for that is our country.

We are even higher than heaven and more than the angels;
Why pass we not beyond these twain? Our goal is majesty supreme.

How different a source have the world of dust and the pure substance!

Tho' we came down, let us haste back—what place is this?

Young fortune is our friend, yielding up soul our business;

The leader of our caravan is Muṣṭafā, glory of the world.

This gale's sweet scent is from the curl of his tresses,

This thought's radiance is from a cheek like "*by the morning bright.*"

By his cheek the moon was split: she endured not the
sight of him ;
Such fortune the moon found—she that is an humble
beggar.
Behold a continual “cleaving of the moon” in our hearts,
For why should the vision of that vision transcend
thine eye ?
Came the billow of “*Am I not?*” and wrecked the
body’s ship ;
When the ship wrecks once more is the time of union’s
attainment.
Mankind, like waterfowl, are sprung from the sea—the
sea of soul ;
Risen from that sea, why should the bird make here
his home ?
Nay, we are pearls in that sea, therein we all abide ;
Else, why does wave follow wave from the sea of soul ?
’Tis the time of union’s attainment, ’tis the time of
eternity’s beauty,
’Tis the time of favour and largesse, ’tis the ocean of
perfect purity.
The billow of largesse hath appeared, the thunder of the
sea hath arrived,
The morn of blessedness hath dawned. Morn ? No, ’tis
the light of God.

Who is this pictured form, who is this monarch and
this prince ?

Who is this aged wisdom ? They are all veils.

The remedy against veils is ecstasies like these,

The fountain of these draughts is in your own head
and eyes.

In the head itself is nought, but ye have two heads ;

This head of clay is from earth, and that pure head from
heaven.

O the many pure heads scattered beneath the clay,

That thou mayst know the head depends on that other
head !

That original head hidden, and this derived head manifest,

Forasmuch as behind this world lies the infinite universe.

Tie up the skin, O cup-bearer, fetch wine from our jar :

The vessel of perceptions is straiter than a strait pass.

From Tabriz-ward shone the Sun of Truth, and I said
to him :

‘Thy light is at once joined with all things and apart
from all.’

X.

What pearl art thou that none possesseth the price of thee?

What does the world possess that is not thy gift?

Is there a worse punishment than his who lives away
from thy face?

Punish not thy servant tho' he is unworthy of thee.

He that is fallen amid the surge of accidents

Escapes not by swimming, since he is no friend of thine.

The world has no permanence, and if it have,

Deem it perishable, because it is unfamiliar with thy
permanence.

How happy the king that is mated by thy rook!

How fair company hath he who lacks not thine!

I desire continually to fling heart and soul at thy feet;

Dust on the head of the soul which is not the dust of
thy feet!

Blessed to all birds is desire of thee;

How unblest the bird that desires thee not!

I will not shun thy blow, for very crude
Is the heart ne'er burned in the fire of thy affliction.
To thy praise and praisers there is no end ;
What atom but is reeling with thy praise ?
Like that one of whom Nizāmī tells in verse,
Tyrannise not, for I cannot endure thy tyranny.
O Shamsi Tabrīz, beauty and glory of the horizons,
What king but is a beggar of thee with heart and soul ?

XI.

O Beloved, spiritual beauty is very fair and glorious,
But thine own beauty and loveliness is another thing.
O thou who art years describing spirit,
Show one quality that is equal to his essence.
Light waxes in the eye at the imagination of him,
But in presence of his union it is dimmed.
I stand open-mouthed in veneration of that beauty :
'God is most great' is on my heart's lips every moment.
The heart hath gotten an eye constant in desire of thee.
Oh, how that desire feeds heart and eye !
'Tis slave-caressing thy love has practised ;
Else, where is the heart worthy of that love ?
Every heart that has slept one night in thy air
Is like radiant day : thereby the air is illumined.

Every one that is without object is as thy disciple :
His object is gained without the semblance of object.
Each reprobate who has burned in this love and fallen in it,
Fell into Kauşar : for thy love is Kauşar.
From hope of union my foot comes not to earth :
While I am severed from thee, my hand is on my head.
Be not sorrowful, O heart, at this oppression of enemies,
And think on this, that the Sweetheart is judge.
If the foe is rejoiced at my sallow face,
This sallow face of mine is from the red rose.
Since the beauty of my Beloved is beyond description,
How fat is my grief and how lean my praise !
Yea, for it is a rule as regards the poor sick wretch,
That while his pain is more his plaint is less.
Shamsi Dīn shone, moon-like, from Tabrīz ;
No, what is the very moon ? for that is the moon's face
superlative.

Like Masnavi —
"super Darwinian theory"

XII.

Every form you see has its archetype in the placeless world;
If the form perished, no matter, since its original is
everlasting.

Every fair shape you have seen, every deep saying you
have heard,

Be not cast down that it perished; for that is not so.

Whereas the spring-head is undying, its branch gives water
continually;

Since neither can cease, why are you lamenting?

Conceive the Soul as a fountain, and these created things
as rivers:

While the fountain flows, the rivers run from it.

Put grief out of your head and keep quaffing this river-
water;

Do not think of the water failing; for this water is
without end.

From the moment you came into the world of being,

A ladder was placed before you that you might escape.

First you were mineral, later you turned to plant,

Then you became animal: how should this be a secret
to you?

Afterwards you were made man, with knowledge, reason,
faith;

Behold the body, which is a portion of the dust-pit, how
perfect it has grown!

When you have travelled on from man, you will doubtless
become an angel;

After that you are done with this earth: your station is
in heaven.

Pass again even from angelhood: enter that ocean,

That your drop may become a sea which is a hundred
seas of 'Omān.

Leave this 'Son,' say ever 'One' with all your soul;

If your body has aged, what matter, when the soul
is young?

XIII.

'Twere better that the spirit which wears not true love
as a garment

Had not been : its being is but shame.

Be drunken in love, for love is all that exists ;

Without the dealing of love there is no entrance to the
Beloved.

They say, 'What is love?' Say, 'Renunciation of will.'

Whoso has not escaped from will, no will hath he.

The lover is a monarch : two worlds lie at his feet ;

The king pays no heed to what lies at his feet.

'Tis love and the lover that live to all eternity ;

Set not thy heart on aught else : 'tis only borrowed.

How long wilt thou embrace a dead beloved ?

Embrace the soul which is embraced by nothing.

What was born of spring dies in autumn,

Love's rose-plot hath no aiding from the early spring.

A thorn is the companion of the rose that comes of spring,

And the wine that comes of grape-juice is not free from
headache.

Be not an expectant looker-on in this path ;

By God, there is no death worse than expectancy.

Set thy heart on sterling coin, if thou be not false ;
Give ear to this deep saying, if thou lack an earring.
Do not tremble on the steed of the body, but fare
lighter on foot ;
God lends him wings who is not mounted on the body.
Dismiss cares and be utterly clear of heart,
Like the face of a mirror without image and picture.
When it becomes clear of images, all images are contained
in it ;
No man's face is ashamed of that clear-faced one.
Wouldst thou have a clear mirror, behold thyself therein,
For it is not ashamed or afraid of telling the truth.
Since the steel face gained this purity by discrimination,
What needs the heart's face, which has no dust ?
But betwixt the steel and the heart is this difference,
That the one is a keeper of secrets, while the other
is not.

XIV.

He said: 'Who is at the door?' Said I: 'Thy humble slave.'

He said: 'What business have you?' Said I: 'Lord, to greet thee.'

He said: 'How long will you push?' Said I: 'Till thou call.'

He said: 'How long will you glow?' Said I: 'Till resurrection.'

I laid claim to love, I took oaths

That for love I had lost sovereignty and power.

He said: 'A judge demands witness as regards a claim.'

Said I: 'Tears are my witness, paleness of face my evidence.'

He said: 'The witness is not valid; your eye is corrupt.'

Said I: 'By the majesty of thy justice they are just and clear of sin.'

He said: 'What do you intend?' Said I: 'Constancy and friendship.'

He said: 'What do you want of me?' Said I: 'Thy universal grace.'

He said: 'Who was your companion?' Said I: 'Thought of thee, O King.'

He said: 'Who called you here?' Said I: 'The odour of thy cup.'

He said: 'Where is it pleasantest?' Said I: 'The Emperor's palace.'

He said: 'What saw you there?' Said I: 'A hundred miracles.'

He said: 'Why is it desolate?' Said I: 'From fear of the brigand.'

He said: 'Who is the brigand?' Said I: 'This blame.'

He said: 'Where is it safe?' Said I: 'In abstinence and piety.'

He said: 'What is abstinence?' Said I: 'The path of salvation.'

He said: 'Where is calamity?' Said I: 'In the neighbourhood of thy love.'

He said: 'How fare you there?' Said I: 'In steadfastness.'

I gave you a long trial, but it availed me nothing;

Repentance lights on him who tests one tested already.

Peace! if I should utter forth his mystic sayings,

You would go beside yourself, neither door nor roof
would restrain you.

XV.

This house wherein is continually the sound of the viol,
Ask of the master what house is this.

What means this idol-form, if this is the house of the Ka'ba?
And what means this light of God, if this is a Magian
temple?

In this house is a treasure which the universe is too small
to hold;

This house and this master is all acting and pretence.
Lay no hand on the house, for this house is a talisman;
Speak not with the master, for he is drunken overnight.
The dust and rubbish of this house is all musk and
perfume;

The roof and door of this house is all verse and melody.
In fine, whoever has found the way into this house
Is sultan of the world and Solomon of the time.
O master, bend down thy head once from this roof,
For in thy fair face is a token of fortune.

I swear by thy soul that save the sight of thy countenance,
All, tho' 'twere the kingdom of the earth, is fantasy
and fable.

The garden is bewildered to know which is the leaf, and
which the blossom ;

The birds are distracted to know which is the snare and
which the bait.

This is the Lord of heaven, who resembles Venus and
the moon,

This is the house of Love, which has no bound or end.
Like a mirror, the soul has received thy image in its heart ;
The tip of thy curl has sunk into the heart like a comb.
Forasmuch as the women cut their hands in Joseph's
presence,

Come to me, O soul, for the Beloved is in the midst.
All the house are drunken—none has knowledge
Of each who enters that he is so-and-so or so-and-so.
Do not sit intoxicated at the door : come into the
house quickly ;

He is in the dark whose place is the threshold.
Those drunk with God, tho' they be thousands, are yet one ;
Those drunk with lust—tho' it be a single one, he is a
double.

Go into the wood of lions and reckon not of the wound,
For thought and fear—all these are figments of women.

For *there* is no wound: all is mercy and love,
But thy imagination is like a bar behind the door.
Set fire to the wood, and keep silence, O heart;
Draw back thy tongue, for thy tongue is harmful.

XVI.

Show thy face, for I desire the orchard and the rose-garden ;

Ope thy lips, for I desire sugar in plenty.

O sun, show forth thy face from the veil of cloud,

For I desire that radiant glowing countenance.

From love for thee I hearkened to the sound of the
falcon-drum ;

I have returned, for the sultan's arm is my desire.

'Vex me no more,' thou saidst capriciously, 'begone !'

I desire that saying of thine, 'Vex me no more.'

And thy bidding off with 'Depart, he is not at home,'

And the airs and pride and harshness of the door-keeper
I desire.

O sweet zephyr, that blowest from the flower-plot of the
Friend,

Blow on me, for I desire news of the basil.

The bread and water of destiny is like a treacherous flood ;

I am a great fish and desire the sea of 'Omān.

Like Jacob I am uttering cries of grief,
I desire the fair face of Joseph of Canaan.
By God, without thee the city is a prison to me,
O'er mountain and desert I desire to wander.
In one hand a wine-cup and in one hand a curl of the
 Beloved :
Such a dance in the midst of the market-place is my desire.
My heart is weary of these weak-spirited companions ;
I desire the Lion of God and Rustam, son of Zāl.
Filings of beauty are in the possession of every one that
 exists ;
I desire that quarry and that mine of exquisite loveliness.
Bankrupt tho' I be, I will not accept a small carnelian ;
The mine of rare tremulous carnelian is my desire.
Of this folk I am full of complaint, weeping and weary ;
I desire the drunkards' wailing and lamentation.
My soul is grown weary of Pharaoh and his tyranny ;
I desire the light of the countenance of Moses, son of
 'Imrān.

'They said, 'He is not to be found, we have sought Him
long.'

A thing which is not to be found—*that* is my desire.

I am more eloquent than the nightingale, but because
of vulgar envy

A seal is on my tongue, tho' I desire to moan.

Yesterday the Master with a lantern was roaming about
the city,

Crying, 'I am tired of devil and beast, I desire a man.'

My state has passed even beyond all yearning and
desire ;

I desire to go from Being and Place toward the Essentials.

He is hidden from our eyes, and all objects are from Him ;

I desire that hidden One whose works are manifest.

Mine ear listened to the tale of faith and was intoxicated ;

Say, 'The limbs and the body and the form of faith are
my desire.'

I myself am Love's rebeck, and Love is a rebeck to me ;

I desire the hand and bosom and modulation of 'Othmān.

That rebeck is saying, 'Every moment passionately

I desire the favours of the mercy of the Merciful.'

O cunning minstrel, con the rest of this ode

After this fashion, for after this fashion I desire.

Display, O Sun who art Tabriz's glory, the dawning of
Love ;

I am the hoopoe: the presence of Solomon is my desire.

XVII.

Before existence

I was on that day when the Names were not,

Nor any sign of existence endowed with name.

By me Names and Named were brought to view

On the day when there were not 'I' and 'We.'

For a sign, the tip of the Beloved's curl became a
centre of revelation ;

As yet the tip of that fair curl was not.

Cross and Christians, from end to end,

I surveyed ; He was not on the Cross.

I went to the idol-temple, to the ancient pagoda ;

No trace was visible there.

I went to the mountains of Herāt and Candahār ;

I looked ; He was not in that hill-and-dale.

*In the silence of the
Absolute before
creation, everything
was—*

With set purpose I fared to the summit of Mount Qāf;

In that place was only the 'Anqā's habitation.

I bent the reins of search to the Ka'ba;

He was not in that resort of old and young.

I questioned Ibn Sinā of his state;

He was not in Ibn Sinā's range.

I fared towards the scene of "*two bow-lengths' distance*";

(from
Sud)

He was not in that exalted court.

I gazed into my own heart;

There I saw Him; He was nowhere else.

Save pure-souled Shamsi Tabrīz

None ever was drunken and intoxicated and distraught.

P. 217 Gaxan

XVIII.

Before thee the soul is hourly decaying and growing,
And for one soul's sake how should any plead with thee?
Wherever thou settest foot a head springs up from the
earth;

For one head's sake why should any wash his hands of
thee?

That day when the soul takes flight enraptured by thy
fragrance,

The soul knows, the soul knows what fragrance is the
Beloved's.

As soon as thy fumes vanish out of the brain,

The head heaves a hundred sighs, every hair is lamenting.

I have emptied house, to be quit of the furniture;

I am waning, that thy love may increase and wax.

'Tis best to gamble the soul away for so great a gain.

Peace! for it is worth, O master, just that which it seeks.

My soul in pursuit of thy love, Shamsu 'l Ḥaqq of Tabriz,

Is scudding without feet, ship-like, over the sea.

XIX.

At morning-tide a moon appeared in the sky,
And descended from the sky and gazed on me.
Like a falcon which snatches a bird at the time of hunting,
That moon snatched me up and coursed over the sky.
When I looked at myself, I saw myself no more,
Because in that moon my body became by grace even
as soul.

When I travelled in soul, I saw nought save the moon,
Till the secret of the eternal Theophany was all re-
vealed.

The nine spheres of heaven were all merged in that moon,
The vessel of my being was completely hidden in the sea.
The sea broke into waves, and again Wisdom rose
And cast abroad a voice ; so it happened and thus it befell.
Foamed the sea, and at every foam-fleck
Something took figure and something was bodied forth.

Every foam-fleck of body, which received a sign from
that sea,

Melted straightway and turned to spirit in this ocean.

Without the power imperial of Shamsu 'l Ḥaqq of Tabrīz

One could neither behold the moon nor become the sea.

XX.

Grasp the skirt of his favour, for on a sudden he will flee ;
But draw him not, as an arrow, for he will flee from
the bow.

What delusive forms does he take, what tricks does he
invent !

If he is present in form, he will flee by the way of spirit.

Seek him in the sky, he shines in water, like the moon ;

When you come into the water, he will flee to the sky.

Seek him in the placeless, he will sign you to place ;

When you seek him in place, he will flee to the placeless.

As the arrow speeds from the bow, like the bird of your
imagination,

Know that the Absolute will certainly flee from the
Imaginary.

I will flee from this and that, not for weariness, but
for fear

That my gracious Beauty will flee from this and that.

As the wind I am fleet of foot, from love of the rose I
am like the zephyr ;

The rose in dread of autumn will flee from the garden.

His name will flee, when it sees an attempt at speech,

So that you cannot even say, 'Such an one will flee.'

He will flee from you, so that if you limn his picture,

The picture will fly from the tablet, the impression will
flee from the soul.

XXI.

A beauty that all night long teaches love-tricks to Venus
and the moon,

Whose two eyes by their witchery seal up the two eyes
of heaven.

Look to your hearts! I, whate'er betide, O Moslems,
Am so mingled with him that no heart is mingled with me.
I was born of his love at the first, I gave him my heart
at the last;

When the fruit springs from the bough, on that bough
it hangs.

The tip of his curl is saying, 'Ho! betake thee to rope-
dancing.'

The cheek of his candle is saying, 'Where is a moth
that it may burn?'

For the sake of dancing on that rope, O heart, make
haste, become a hoop;

Cast thyself on the flame, when his candle is lit.

Thou wilt never more endure without the flame, when
thou hast known the rapture of burning;

If the water of life should come to thee, it would not
stir thee from the flame.

XXII.

Quoth some one, 'Master Sana'i is dead.'
The death of such a master is no little thing.
He was not chaff which flew on the wind,
He was not water which froze in winter.
He was not a comb which was broken with an hair,
He was not a seed which the earth crushed.
He was a treasure of gold in this dust-pit,
For he valued the two worlds at a barley-corn.
The earthly frame he flung to the earth,
Soul and intellect he bore to heaven.
The pure elixir mingled with the wine-dregs
Came to the jar's surface, and the lees settled apart.
The second soul which the vulgar know not
I protest by God that he surrendered to the Beloved.

In travel, dear friend, there meet together
The native of Marv and of Rai, the Roman and the Kurd.
Each one returns to his home ;
How should an old man be the companion of youths ?
Keep silence, like the points (of a compass), because the
King
Has erased thy name from the book of speech.

XXIII.

No favour was left which that winsome beauty did not bestow.

What fault of ours, if he failed in bounty towards you?
Thou art reviling, because that charmer wrought tyranny;
Who ever saw in the two worlds a fair one that played
not the tyrant?

His love is a sugar-cane, tho' he gave not sugar;
His beauty is perfect faith, tho' he kept not faith.
Show a house that is not filled by him with lamps,
Show a portico that his face filled not with loveliness.
When the spirit became lost in contemplation, it said this:
'None but God has contemplated the beauty of God.'
This eye and that lamp are two lights, each individual;
When they came together, no one distinguished them.

Each of these metaphors is at once an explanation and
a misconception ;

God revealed "*By the morning splendour*" in envy of
the light of his countenance.

Never did the tailor, Destiny, to any one's measure
Stitch a shirt but he tore it in pieces.

The sun of the face of Shamsi Dīn, glory of the horizons,
Never shone upon aught perishable but he made it
eternal.

XXIV.

When my bier moveth on the day of death,
Think not my heart is in this world.
Do not weep for me and cry 'Woe, woe!'
Thou wilt fall in the devil's snare: that is woe.
When thou seest my hearse, cry not 'Parted, parted!'
Union and meeting are mine in that hour.
If thou commit me to the grave, say not 'Farewell,
farewell!'
For the grave is a curtain hiding the communion of
Paradise.
After beholding descent, consider resurrection;
Why should setting be injurious to the sun and moon?
To thee it seems a setting, but 'tis a rising;
Tho' the vault seems a prison, 'tis the release of the soul.

What seed went down into the earth but it grew?

Why this doubt of thine as regards the seed of man?

What bucket was lowered but it came out brimful?

Why should the Joseph of the spirit complain of the well?

Shut thy mouth on this side and open it beyond,

For in placeless air will be thy triumphal song.

XXV.

Look on me, for thou art my companion in the grave
On the night when thou shalt pass from shop and dwelling.
Thou shalt hear my hail in the hollow of the tomb: it
shall become known to thee

That thou wast never concealed from mine eye.

I am as reason and intellect within thy bosom

At the time of joy and gladness, at the time of sorrow
and distress.

O strange night when thou hear'st the well-known voice,
Scap'st from the stroke of asp, and leap'st from the
horror of ant!

Love's intoxication will bring to thy grave, as a gift,
Wine and mistress and candle and meats and sweets and
incense.

In the hour when the intellectual lamp is lighted,
What a paeon goes up from the dead men in the tombs!

The earth of the grave-yard is confounded by their cries,
By the din of the drums of resurrection, by the pomp
of rising from the dead.

They have rent their shrouds, they have pressed tight
their two ears in terror ;

What is brain and ear before the blast of the trumpet ?

Look to thine eye, that thou mistake not,

That unto thee the essence of seer and seen may be one.

To whatever side thou gaze, my form thou shalt espy,

Whether thou gaze on self or towards that moil and mell.

Shun distorted vision and heal thine eyes,

For in that moment the evil eye shall be far from my
beauty.

O take heed, lest thou misconceive me in human shape,

For spirit is very subtle, and love is very jealous.

What room for form, if the felt is hundredfold ?

'Tis the rays of the soul's mirror that bring the world
to view.

Had they sought God instead of morsel and pittance,

Thou hadst not seen a single blind man seated on the
moat-edge.

Since Thou hast opened house in our city as dealer in
 amorous glances,
Deal out glances, like light, with closed lips.
I hold my peace and keep the unworthy in the dark ;
Thou art all that is worthy : the mystery is veiled from me.
Come, like the Sun of Tabrīz, towards the east ;
See the star of victory and the conqueror's banner !

XXVI.

From the bosom of Self I catch continually a scent of
the Beloved :

How should I not, every night, take Self to my bosom ?
Yestereve I was in Love's garden : this desire came into
my head :

His sun peeped forth from mine eye : the river (of tears)
began to flow.

Each laughing rose that springs from his laughing lip
Had escaped the thorn of being, had avoided Dhū 'lfiqār.
Every tree and blade of grass was dancing in the meadow,
But in the view of the vulgar they were bound and at
rest.

Suddenly on one side our Cypress appeared,
So that the garden became senseless and the plane clapped
its hands.

A face like fire, wine like fire, Love afire—all three
delectable ;

The soul, by reason of the mingled fires, was wailing
'Where shall I flee ?'

In the world of Divine Unity is no room for Number,
But Number necessarily exists in the world of Five and
Four.

You may count a hundred thousand sweet apples in
your hand :

If you wish to make One, crush them all together.

Behold, without regarding the letters, what is this language in the heart ;

Pureness of colour is a quality derived from the Source
of Action.

Shamsi Tabrīz is seated in royal state, and before him

My rhymes are ranked like willing servants.

XXVII.

If a tree might move by foot and wing,
It would not suffer the pain of the saw or the blows of
the axe.
And if the sun did not fare by wing and foot every night,
How would the world be illuminated at morning-tide?
And if the salt water did not go up from the sea to
the sky,
Whence would the garden be quickened by river and rain?
When the drop departed from its native home and returned,
It found a shell and became a pearl.
Did not Joseph go on a journey from his father, weeping?
Did he not, in the journey, come to fortune and kingdom
and victory?
Did not Muṣṭafā go a-journeying toward Medīna,
Gain sovereignty and become lord of an hundred lands?

Tho' you have no feet choose to journey in yourself,
Like the ruby-mine receive a print from the sunbeams.
Make a journey out of self into self, O master,
For by such a journey earth becomes a quarry of gold.
From sourness and bitterness advance to sweetness,
Even as from briny soil a thousand sorts of fruit spring up.
From the Sun, the pride of Tabrīz, behold these miracles,
For every tree gains beauty by the light of the sun.

XXVIII.

I cried out at midnight, 'Who is in this house of the heart?'

He said, 'Tis I, by whose countenance moon and sun are shamed.'

He said, 'Why is this house of the heart filled with diverse images?'

Said I, 'They are the reflexion of thee, O thou whose face is a candle of Chigil.'

He said, 'What is this other image, bedabbled with heart's blood?'

Said I, 'This is the image of me, heart-sore and with feet in the mire.'

I bound the neck of my soul and brought it to him as a token:

'It is the confidant of Love; do not sacrifice thine own confidant.'

He gave me the end of a thread—a thread full of mischief and guile—

'Pull,' he said, 'that I may pull, and break it not in the pulling.'

From the tent of the soul flashed out the form of my
Beloved, fairer than before ;
I stretched my hands to him ; he struck my hand, saying,
‘ Let go.’
I said, ‘ Thou art harsh, like such an one.’ ‘ Know,’ he
replied,
‘ That I am harsh for good, not from rancour and spite.
Whoever enters saying, “ ’Tis I,” I smite him on the brow ;
For this is the shrine of Love, O fool ! It is not a
sheep-cote.’
Assuredly Ṣalāḥī dil u dīn is the image of that Fair
One ;
Rub thine eyes, and behold the image of the heart, the
image of the heart.

XXIX.

Why does not the soul take wing, when from the glorious
Presence

A speech of sweet favour comes to it, saying, 'Aloft'?
How should a fish not leap nimbly from the dry land
into the water,

When the sound of waves reaches its ear from the cold
ocean?

Why should a falcon not fly from the quarry towards
the King,

When it hears by drum and drum-stick the notice of
"Return"?

Why should not every Sūfi begin to dance, like a mote,
In the sun of eternity, that it may deliver him from
decay?

Such grace and beauty and loveliness and bestowal of life!
O misery and error, if any one dispense with Him!

Fly, fly, O bird, to thy native home,
For thou hast escaped from the cage, and thy pinions
are outspread.

Travel away from the bitter stream towards the water
of life,

Return from the vestibule to the high seat of the soul.

Haste, haste ! for we too, O soul, are coming
From this world of severance to that world of union.
O how long shall we, like children, in the earthly sphere
Fill our lap with dust and stones and sherds ?
Let us give up the earth and fly heavenwards,
Let us flee from childhood to the banquet of men.
Behold how the earthly frame has entrapped thee !
Rend the sack and raise thy head clear.
Take from Love this scroll with thy right hand ;
Thou art no child, not to know thy right from thy left.
God said to Reason's messenger, ' Begone,'
To the hand of Death he said, ' Chastise worldly desire.'
A voice came to the spirit, ' Spirit thee away to the
Unseen,
Take the gain and the treasure and lament the pain no
more.'
Cry out and proclaim that thou art King ;
Thine is the grace of answer, and thine is the knowledge
of question.

XXX.

Thee I choose, of all the world, alone ;
Wilt thou suffer me to sit in grief ?
My heart is as a pen in thy hand,
Thou art the cause if I am glad or melancholy.
Save what thou willest, what will have I ?
Save what thou showest, what do I see ?
Thou mak'st grow out of me now a thorn and now a rose ;
Now I smell roses and now pull thorns.
If thou keep'st me that, that I am ;
If thou would'st have me this, I am this.
In the vessel where thou givest colour to the soul
Who am I, what is my love and hate ?

Thou wert first, and last thou shalt be ;
Make my last better than my first.
When thou art hidden, I am of the infidels ;
When thou art manifest, I am of the faithful.
I have nothing, except thou hast bestowed it ;
What dost thou seek from my bosom and sleeve ?

XXXI.

What is to be done, O Moslems? for I do not recognise myself.

I am neither Christian, nor Jew, nor Gabr, nor Moslem.

I am not of the East, nor of the West, nor of the land,
nor of the sea;

I am not of Nature's mint, nor of the circling heavens.

I am not of earth, nor of water, nor of air, nor of fire;

I am not of the empyrean, nor of the dust, nor of existence,
nor of entity.

I am not of India, nor of China, nor of Bulgaria, nor
of Saqsīn;

I am not of the kingdom of 'Irāqain, nor of the country
of Khorāsān.

I am not of this world, nor of the next, nor of Paradise,
nor of Hell;

I am not of Adam, nor of Eve, nor of Eden and Rīẓwān.

My place is the Placeless, my trace is the Traceless;

'Tis neither body nor soul, for I belong to the soul of the
Beloved.

I have put duality away, I have seen that the two worlds
are one ;

One I seek, One I know, One I see, One I call.

*He is the first, He is the last, He is the outward, He is
the inward ;*

I know none other except 'Yā Hū' and 'Yā man Hū.'

I am intoxicated with Love's cup, the two worlds have
passed out of my ken ;

I have no business save carouse and revelry.

If once in my life I spent a moment without thee,
From that time and from that hour I repent of my life.

If once in this world I win a moment with thee,
I will trample on both worlds, I will dance in triumph
for ever.

O Shamsi Tabrīz, I am so drunken in this world,
That except of drunkenness and revelry I have no tale
to tell.

XXXII.

No joy have I found in the two worlds apart from thee,
Beloved.

Many wonders I have seen : I have not seen a wonder
like thee.

They say that blazing fire is the infidel's portion :

I have seen none, save Abū Lahab, excluded from thy fire.

Often have I laid the spiritual ear at the window of the
heart :

I heard much discourse, but the lips I did not see.

Of a sudden thou didst lavish grace upon thy servant :

I saw no cause for it but thy infinite kindness.

O chosen Cup-bearer, O apple of mine eyes, the like of
thee

Ne'er appeared in Persia, nor in Arabia have I found it.

Pour out wine till I become a wanderer from myself ;

For in selfhood and existence I have felt only fatigue.

O thou who art milk and sugar, O thou who art sun
and moon,
O thou who art mother and father, I have known no
kin but thee.
O indestructible Love, O divine Minstrel,
Thou art both stay and refuge: a name equal to thee
I have not found.
We are pieces of steel, and thy love is the magnet:
Thou art the source of all aspiration, in myself I have
seen none.
Silence, O brother! put learning and culture away:
Till Thou namedst culture, I knew no culture but Thee.

XXXIII.

I am that suppliant who make supplication to thee ;
The anguish inspired by a charmer like thee hath for
me a thousand charms.

Thou art the sun of mine eyes—they are radiant with
thy beauty ;

If I draw them away from thee, to whom shall I look
again ?

I will not become inconstant to thee on account of thy
cruel treatment ;

By remaining constant myself I will restrain thee from
cruelty.

I complained of thee, thou saidst : ‘Provide thine own
remedy.’

I am one whose heart provides a remedy for Divine
affliction.

I will not tell thee my heart’s grief, for it would weary
thee ;

I will shorten this tale, for mine is a long grief.

XXXIV.

I am a painter, a maker of pictures ; every moment I
shape a beauteous form,

And then in thy presence I melt them all away.

I call up a hundred phantoms and indue them with a
spirit ;

When I behold thy phantom, I cast them in the fire.

Art thou the Vintner's cup-bearer or the enemy of him
who is sober,

Or is it thou who mak'st a ruin of every house I build?

In thee the soul is dissolved, with thee it is mingled ;

Lo ! I will cherish the soul, because it has a perfume
of thee.

Every drop of blood which proceeds from me is saying
to thy dust :

'I am one colour with thy love, I am the partner of
thy affection.'

In the house of water and clay this heart is desolate
without thee ;

O Beloved, enter the house, or I will leave it.

XXXV.

This is Love : to fly heavenward,
To rend, every instant, a hundred veils.
The first moment, to renounce life ;
The last step, to fare without feet.
To regard this world as invisible,
Not to see what appears to one's self.
'O heart,' I said, 'may it bless thee
To have entered the circle of lovers,
To look beyond the range of the eye,
To penetrate the windings of the bosom !
Whence did this breath come to thee, O my soul,
Whence this throbbing, O my heart ?

O bird, speak the language of birds :

I can understand thy hidden meaning.'

The soul answered : 'I was in the (divine) Factory

While the house of water and clay was a-baking.

I was flying away from the (material) workshop

While the workshop was being created.

When I could resist no more, they dragged me

To mould me into shape like a ball.'

On The Path;
mercy, but a warning
XXXVI.

O lovers, O lovers, it is time to abandon the world;
The drum of departure reaches my spiritual ear from
heaven.

Behold, the driver has risen and made ready the files
of camels,

And begged us to acquit him of blame: why, O travellers,
are you asleep?

These sounds before and behind are the din of departure
and of the camel-bells;

With each moment a soul and a spirit is setting off into
the Void.

From these (stars like) inverted candles, from these blue
awnings (of the sky)

There has come forth a wondrous people, that the mys-
teries may be revealed.

A heavy slumber fell upon thee from the circling spheres:
Alas for this life so light, beware of this slumber so heavy!

O soul, seek the Beloved, O friend, seek the Friend,

O watchman, be wakeful: it behoves not a watchman
to sleep.

On every side is clamour and tumult, in every street
are candles and torches,
For to-night the teeming world gives birth to the world
everlasting.
Thou wert dust and art spirit, thou wert ignorant and
art wise ;
He who has led thee thus far will lead thee further also.
How pleasant are the pains he makes thee suffer while
he gently draws thee to himself!
His flames are as water : do not frown upon him.
To dwell in the soul is his task, to break vows of peni-
tence is his task ;
By his manifold artifice these atoms are trembling at
their core.
O ridiculous puppet that leapest out of thy hole, as if
to say, 'I am the lord of the land,'
How long wilt thou leap? Abase thyself, or they will
bend thee, like a bow.
Thou didst sow the seed of deceit, thou didst indulge
in derision,
Thou didst regard God as nothing: see now, O miscreant!
O ass, thou wert best with straw; thou art a caldron:
thou wert best black;
Thou wert best at the bottom of a well, O disgrace of
thy house and family!

In me there is Another by whom these eyes sparkle ;
If water scalds, 'tis by fire ; understand this.
I have no stone in my hand, I have no quarrel with
any one,
I deal harshly with none, because I am sweet as a
garden of roses.
Mine eye, then, is from that source and from another
universe ;
Here a world and there a world : I am seated on the
threshold.
On the threshold are they alone whose eloquence is mute ;
'Tis enough to utter this intimation : say no more, draw
back thy tongue.

XXXVII.

I have heard that thou dost intend to travel: do not so.

That thou bestowest thy love on a new friend and companion: do not so.

Tho' in the world thou art strange, thou hast never known estrangement;

What heart-stricken wretch art thou attempting? do not so.

Steal not thyself away from me, go not to aliens;

Thou art stealthily glancing at another: do not so.

O moon for whose sake the heavens are bewildered,

Thou makest me distraught and bewildered: do not so.

Where is the pledge and where the compact thou didst make with me?

Thou departest from thy word and pledge: do not so.

Why give promises and why utter protestations,

Why make a shield of vows and blandishments? do not so.

O thou whose vestibule is above existence and non-existence,

At this moment thou art passing from existence : do not so.

O thou whose command Hell and Paradise obey,

Thou art making Paradise like Hell-fire to me : do not so.

In thy plot of sugar-canes I am secure from poison ;

Thou minglest the poison with the sugar : do not so,

My soul is like a fiery furnace, yet it sufficed thee not ;

By absence thou art making my face pale as gold : do not so.

When thou withdrawest thy countenance, the moon is darkened with grief ;

Thou art intending the eclipse of the moon's orb : do not so.

Our lips become dry when thou bringest a drought ;

Why art thou moistening mine eye with tears ? do not so.

Since thou canst not endure the reasoning faculty of lovers,

Then why dost thou dazzle the eye of reason ? do not so.

Thou art denying sweetmeats to one sick of abstinence;
Thou art making thy patient worse : do not so.

My lawless eye is a thief of thy beauty ;

O Beloved, thou tak'st vengeance on my thievish sight :
do not so.

Withdraw, comrade, 'tis no time for speech ;

In love's bewilderment why dost thou intrude thyself?
do not so.

Except the beauty of Shamsi Dīn, the pride of Tabriz,

If so be that thou throwest a glance upon (aught in) the
two worlds, do not so.

XXXVIII.

Happy the moment when we are seated in the palace,
thou and I,

With two forms and with two figures but with one soul,
thou and I.

The colours of the grove and the voice of the birds will
bestow immortality

At the time when we come into the garden, thou and I.

The stars of heaven will come to gaze upon us ;

We shall show them the moon itself, thou and I.

Thou and I, individuals no more, shall be mingled in
ecstasy,

Joyful, and secure from foolish babble, thou and I.

All the bright-plumed birds of heaven will devour their
hearts with envy

In the place where we shall laugh in such a fashion,
thou and I.

This is the greatest wonder, that thou and I, sitting
here in the same nook,

Are at this moment both in 'Irāq and Khorāsān, thou
and I.

XXXIX.

I went to the Master's abode and said: 'Where is the Master?'

He said: 'The Master is in love and intoxicated and a wanderer from place to place.'

I said: 'I have an obligation, at least give me a clue; I am the Master's friend: nay, indeed, I am no enemy.'

They replied: 'The Master is fallen in love with the Gardener;

Seek him in gardens or on the bank of a stream.'

Frenzied lovers pursue the object of their love;

If any one has fallen in love, go, wash thy hands of him!

The fish that has known water comes not to land:

How should a lover stay in the sphere of colour and perfume?

The frozen snow that has beheld the face of yonder Sun,
Is swallowed up by the sun, tho' it be piled in drifts.

Especially one who is the lover of our King,
A king peerless and faithful and sweet-tempered.
By that infinite alchemy, which none may compute or
conjecture,
Copper, as soon as it is touched, becomes gold at the
command, "*Return*".
Sleep the world away, and flee from the six dimensions;
How long wilt thou roam in thy folly and bewilderment
to and fro?
Inevitably they will bring thee at last, with thy own
consent,
That thou mayst have honour and glory in the presence
of the King.
Had not there been an intruder in the company,
Jesus would have revealed to thee the mysteries, point
by point.
I have closed the passage of the lips, and opened the
secret way;
I am free in one moment from the desire of speech.

XL.

O my soul, who is this, stationed in the house of the heart?

Who may occupy the royal seat save the King and the Prince?

He beckoned with his hand: 'Say, what do you desire of me?'

What does a drunken man desire except sweetmeats and a cup of wine?

Sweetmeats derived from the soul, a cup of the Absolute Light,

An eternal banquet laid in the privacy of "*He is the Truth*".

How many deceivers are there at the wine-drinkers' feast!

Take heed lest thou fall, O easy simple man!

Beware! do not keep, in a circle of reprobates,

Thine eye shut like a bud, thy mouth open like the rose.

The world resembles a mirror: thy Love is the perfect image;

O people, who has ever seen a part greater than the whole?

Go on foot, like the grass, because in this garden
The Beloved, like the rose, is riding, all the rest are
on foot.

He is both the sword and the swordsman, both the slain
and the slayer,

He is at once all Reason and brings Reason to nought.
That King is Şalāḥu'ddīn—may he endure for ever,
May his bounteous hand perpetually be a necklace on
my neck!

XLI.

I saw my Beloved wandering about the house :
He had taken up a rebeck and was playing a tune.
With a touch like fire he was playing a sweet melody,
Drunken and distraught and bewitching from the night's
 carouse.
He was invoking the cup-bearer in the mode of 'Irāq :
Wine was his object, the cup-bearer was only an excuse.
The beauteous cup-bearer, pitcher in hand,
Stepped forth from a recess and placed it in the middle.
He filled the first cup with that sparkling wine—
Didst thou ever see water set on fire ?
For the sake of those in love he passed it from hand
 to hand,
Then bowed and kissed the lintel.

My Beloved received it from him, and quaffed the wine:
Instantly o'er his face and head ran flashes of flame.

Meanwhile he was regarding his own beauty and saying
to the evil eye,

'There has not been nor will be in this age another
like me.

I am the Divine Sun of the world, I am the Beloved of
lovers,

Soul and spirit are continually moving before me.'

XLII.

Make yourself like to the community, that you may feel
spiritual joy ;

Enter the street of the tavern, that you may behold the
wine-bibbers.

Drain the cup of passion, that you may not be shamed ;
Shut the eyes in your head, that you may see the
hidden eye.

Open your arms, if you desire an embrace ;
Break the idol of clay, that you may behold the face of
the Fair.

Why, for an old woman's sake, do you endure so large
a dowry,

And how long, for the sake of three loaves, will you
look on the sword and the spear ?

Always at night returns the Beloved : do not eat opium
to-night ;

Close your mouth against food, that you may taste the
sweetness of the mouth.

Lo, the cup-bearer is no tyrant, and in his assembly there
is a circle :

Come into the circle, be seated ; how long will you regard
the revolution (of time) ?

Look now, here is a bargain: give one life and receive
a hundred.

Cease to behave as wolves and dogs, that you may experience the Shepherd's love.

You said: 'My foe took such an one away from me':

Go, renounce that person in order to contemplate the being of Him.

Think of nothing except the creator of thought;

Care for the soul is better than feeling care for one's bread.

Why, when God's earth is so wide, have you fallen asleep in a prison?

Avoid entangled thoughts, that you may see the explanation in Paradise.

Refrain from speaking, that you may win speech hereafter;

Abandon life and the world, that you may behold the Life of the world.

XLIII.

The knowledge has newly come : perchance you have no knowledge.

The envious heart is bleeding : perchance you have no heart.

The moon has revealed her face and opened her radiant wings :

Borrow a soul and eyes from some one, if you have them not.

Night and day comes a winged arrow from the hidden bow.

Yield up your sweet life ; what can you do ? you have no shield.

Has not the copper of your existence been changed, like Moses, to gold by his alchemy ?

What matter tho' you have no gold in a sack, like Qārūn ?

Within you is an Egypt, and you are its garden of sugar-canes ;

What matter tho' you have no supply of sugar from without ?

You are become a slave to form, like idol-worshippers ;

You resemble Joseph and yet you gaze not on yourself.

By God, when you behold your own beauty in the
mirror,
You will be the idol of yourself, you will not pass over
to any one.
O Reason, art not thou unjust in calling him moon-like?
Wherefore dost thou call him moon? perchance thou
hast no sight.
Your head is like a lamp containing six wicks :
How should all the six be alight unless you have that
spark?
Your body is like a camel which goes to the Ka'ba of
the soul ;
You failed to go on the pilgrimage because of your ass's
nature, not because you have no ass.
If you have not gone to the Ka'ba, Fortune will draw
you thither ;
Do not flee, O babbler, for you have no refuge from
God.

XLIV.

O heart, why art thou a captive in the earth that is
passing away ?

Fly forth from this enclosure, since thou art a bird of
the spiritual world.

Thou art a darling bosom-friend, thou art always behind
the secret veil :

Why dost thou make thy dwelling-place in this perish-
able abode ?

Regard thine own state, go forth and journey
From the prison of the Formal world to the meadow of
Ideas.

Thou art a bird of the holy world, a boon-companion in
the assembly of Love ;

If thou wilt remain here, 'tis a pity.

Every morning a voice comes to thee from heaven :

'When thou lay'st the dust of the way, thou win'st
thy way to the goal.'

On the road to the Ka'ba of union, lo, in every thorn-
bush

Are thousands slain of desire who manfully yielded up
their lives.

Thousands sank wounded on this path, to whom there
came not

A breath of the fragrance of union, a token from the
neighbourhood of the Friend.

In memory of the banquet of union, in yearning for his
beauty
They are fallen bewildered by the wine thou knowest.
How sweet, in the hope of him, on the threshold of his
abode,
For the sake of seeing his face, to bring night round
to day!
Illumine thy bodily senses by the light of the soul :
The senses are the five prayers, but the heart is the
seven verses.
The moon and the sun and the axis of the seven heavens
are swallowed
By the Canopus of the soul, when it rises from towards
the southern angle.
Look not in the world for bliss and fortune, since thou
wilt not find them ;
Seek bliss in both worlds by serving Him.
Put away the tale of love that travellers tell ;
Do thou serve God with all thy might.
From the Sun who is the glory of Tabrīz seek future
bliss,
For he is a sun, possessing all kinds of knowledge, on
the spiritual throne.

XLV.

Come, come, for you will not find another friend like
me.

Where indeed is a Beloved like me in all the world?

Come, come, and do not spend your life in wandering
to and fro,

Since there is no market elsewhere for your money.

You are as a dry valley and I as the rain,

You are as a ruined city and I as the architect.

Except my service, which is joy's sunrise,

Man never has felt and never will feel an impression of
joy.

You behold in dreams a thousand moving shapes ;

When the dream is past you do not see a single one of
the kind.

Close the eye that sees falsely and open the intellectual
eye,

For the senses resemble an ass, and evil desire is the
halter.

Seek sweet syrup in the garden of Love,
For Nature is a seller of vinegar and a crusher of un-
ripened grapes.
Come to the hospital of your own Creator :
No sick man can dispense with that Physician.
The world without that King is like a headless body :
Fold yourself, turban-wise, round such a head.
Unless you are black, do not let the mirror go from
your hand :
The soul is your mirror, while the body is rust.
Where is the fortunate merchant, whose destiny Jupiter
controls,
That I may eagerly trade with him and buy his wares ?
Come, and think of me who gave you the faculty of
thought,
Since from my mine you may purchase an ass-load of
rubies.
Come, advance towards him who gave you a foot,
Look with all your eyes on him who gave you an eye.

Clap your hands for joy of him, by whose sea the hand
 (foam) is produced,
For his joy admits no sorrow nor affliction.
Listen without ears, speak to him without tongue,
Since the speech of the tongue is not without offence
 and injury.

XLVI.

Look on the face of Love, that you may be properly a
man.

Do not sit with the frigid ; for you will be chilled by
their breath.

Seek from the face of Love something other than beauty ;
It is time that you should consort with a sympathetic
companion.

Since you are properly a clod, you will not rise into the
air ;

You will rise into the air, if you break and become dust.
If you break not, He who moulded you will break you ;
When death breaks you, how should you become a
separate substance ?

When the leaf grows yellow, the fresh root makes it
green ;

You are complaining of Love thro' which you become
pale.

And, O friend, if you reach perfection in our assembly,
Your seat will be the throne, you will gain your desire
in all things.

But if you stay many years more in this earth,
You will pass from place to place, you will be as the
dice in backgammon.

If Shamsi Tabrīz draws you to his side,
When you escape from captivity you will return to
that orb.

XLVII.

When I came to thy city, thou chocest a corner apart
from me ;

When I went from thy city, thou didst not look upon
me to say 'Farewell'.

Whether thou choosest to be kind or inclinest to rancour,
Thou art all the comfort of the soul, thou art all the
adornment of the feast.

The cause of thy jealousy is that thou art hidden or,
otherwise,

While thou art revealed by every atom, thou art hidden
like the sun.

If thou dwell'st in seclusion, art not thou the darling
of the Prince ?

And if thou rendest the veil, thou hast rent the veils
of all.

By thee the heart of infidelity is confounded, by thy
wine the head of faith is intoxicated ;

Thou dost rob all of sense, thou dost draw all towards
thee.

All roses are a prey to December, all heads a prey to
wine :

Both these and those thou redeemest from the hand of
death.

Since in the rose there is no constancy, why do you
approach every rose?

On thee alone is reliance : thou art the stay and support.
If a few cut their hands on account of Joseph's face,
Thou hast bereft of soul and reason two hundred spiritual
Josephs.

Thou mouldest of foul and fair the form of a man,
That he may flee two leagues from the odour of foulness.
Thou mak'st him a morsel of dust that he may become
pure herbage ;

He is free from filth when thou hast breathed into him
a soul.

Come, O heart, fare heavenward, fare to the divine pasture,
Since thou hast grazed awhile in the pasture of cattle.
Set thy whole desire on that whereof thou hast no hope,
For thou hast come thus far from original hopelessness.
Be silent that the lord who gave thee language may
speak,

For as he fashioned a door and lock, he has also made
a key.

XLVIII.

At last thou hast departed and gone to the Unseen ;
'Tis marvellous by what way thou wentest from the
world.

Thou didst strongly shake thy wings and feathers, and
having broken thy cage

Didst take to the air and journey towards the world of
soul.

Thou wert a favourite falcon, kept in captivity by an
old woman :

When thou heard'st the falcon-drum thou didst fly away
into the Void.

Thou wert a love-lorn nightingale among owls :

The scent of the rose-garden reached thee, and thou
didst go to the rose-garden.

Thou didst suffer sore head-ache from this bitter ferment ;
At last thou wentest to the tavern of Eternity.

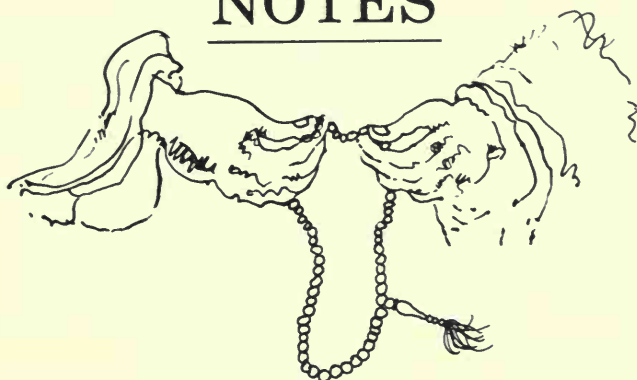
Straight as an arrow thou didst make for the mark of
bliss ;

Thou didst speed like an arrow to that mark from this
bow.

The world gave thee false clues, like a ghoul :
Thou took'st no heed of the clue, but wentest to that
 which is without a clue.
Since thou art now the sun, why dost thou wear a tiara,
Why seek a girdle, since thou art gone from the middle?
I have heard that thou art gazing with distorted eyes
 upon thy soul :
Why dost thou gaze on thy soul, since thou art gone
 to the soul of Soul?
O heart, what a wondrous bird art thou, that in chase
 of divine rewards
Thou didst fly with two wings to the spear-point, like
 a shield !
The rose flees from autumn—O what a fearless rose
 art thou
Who didst go loitering along in the presence of the
 autumn wind !
Falling like rain from heaven upon the roof of the ter-
 restrial world
Thou didst run in every direction till thou didst escape
 by the conduit.
Be silent and free from the pain of speech : do not
 slumber,
Since thou hast taken refuge with so loving a Friend.



NOTES



NOTES TO THE READER

(Selected from the original edition)

I.

line 1—Love, implying loss of selfhood and by that means perfect union with the divine Beloved, is the living rock on which all mysticism is based.

line 3—The Sufi path, whereby the pilgrim arrives at true knowledge of God.

line 9—This may allude to an incident in the Prophet's flight from Mecca, when a spider spun its web across the mouth of a cavern where he had taken refuge, and thus caused his enemies to abandon their pursuit.

Attar says: "He providentially gave a snare to the spider,
And therein rendered the Prince of the world
secure."

line 15—Wash away every stain of 'self' in the ocean of divine love.

line 19—Among spiritual disciples you will attain the highest degree, if you serve him who is highest.

Hafiz speaks of "the ringleader of the intoxicated."

line 27—Because they would be inaudible to the sensual ear.

line 33—An allusion to Shamsi Tabriz.

II.

line 11—The hoopoe which Solomon sent with a letter to Bilqis, queen of Sheba.

line 17—Great and small, high and low, go hand in hand to seek God.

line 21—The ninth and highest heaven.

III.

line 1—"I hold converse nightly with every star
From desire of the splendor of thy moon-like face."

HAFIZ

line 13—The relapse from ecstasy into consciousness. The cup-bearer is God, who intoxicates all creation with the rapture of love.

IV.

line 4—"I was a hidden treasure and I desired to be known,
So I created the creation in order that I might be known."

JAMI

line 5—Every object reflects one or more of the divine attributes, but Man, as the microcosm, reflects them all. "Man," says Lahiji, "is the eye of the world, whereby God sees His own works."

The earthly part of Man is compared to the back, his eternal attributes to the face of the mirror. He is "blackened on one side with the darkness of Not-being in order to reflect Real Being."—Lahiji

line 9—Ye are imprisoned like grape juice in the jar of the world;

Ye will come forth from this jar, when ye are well fermented.

line 15—Shamsi Tabriz.

line 18—Jesus mounted on the ass represents the soul degraded by contact with the body.

V.

line 16—The ornamental design traced with henna on the hands and feet of a bride.

VI.

line 3—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

CORINTHIANS, ch. ii. 9

line 25—As God is all, and all is God, he who is absorbed in the divine essence becomes identical with it.

"I am the theft of rogues, I am the pain of the sick,
I am both cloud and rain, I have rained in the gardens."

RUMI

line 27—During this life the body is conscious of the soul's superiority, but not in the divine presence, for then it is non-existent.

VII.

line 3—"The roof of the house is, as it were, a veil over the sun's beauty.

Make haste to demolish the roof with the mattock of divine love."

RUMI

VIII.

line 1—The perfect Sufi.

line 5—"Despise not thou the poor who Love obey;
Unbelted monarchs, crownless kings are they."

HAFIZ

line 7—Bodies are composed of the four elements, earth, water, fire, and air. The "man of God," casting off this phenomenal vesture, which does not belong to his true essence and which only veils the divine principle within him, "breaks through to the Oneness."

line 13—Mere learning will never enable a man to know God. "Mind is nothing but disease, and natural health is ignorance," ie. inspiration.

line 19—Jami says, "there are 4,000 saints acquainted with each other and ignorant of their exalted state, who are always hidden from themselves and others."

IX.

line 5—Ali says that angels have knowledge, but not lust and anger, beasts anger and lust, while man has all three. Therefore if man subdue lust and anger, and strive to attain perfect knowledge, he is above the angels, who attain perfection, as it were by instinct, without any choice or conscious volition.

X.

line 12—Orientals throw earth upon their heads as a sign of mourning.

line 13—We shall often meet with this comparison of the soul to a bird.

XI.

line 13—The pure soul is a mirror reflecting and radiating the divine sunbeams.

XII.

line 21—I am sweet-smiling Jesus by whom the world is
revived,
But my lineage is from God: I know nought of
Mary.

XIII.

line 17—“How blest is he who folds the loved one to his
breast,
O’er him whose waiting eye still on the door
doth rest!”

SA’DI

The Sufi must live in the present, regarding neither
yesterday or to-morrow, but absorbed in the ‘eternal
Now’ of divine energy.

XIV.

line 8—By the eye of thy countenance the eyes of lovers
are fringed with tears.

XVI.

line 5—According to a gloss on the *Masnavi*, “when the
hunter wishes to call his bird back, he beats a drum:
the hawk, having an affection for the drum, returns
speedily.”

line 15—Koran XII. 84: ‘and he (Jacob) turned from
them and cried, “O how I grieve for Joseph!”’

XVIII.

line 1—Just as the existence of the phenomenal world is
renewed every instant by a fresh influx from the fountain
of Being, there is in the soul also a perpetual ebb and flow
of divine grace.

line 3—A new life is born.

XIX.

line 1—The Beloved.

line 15—Outward form is an illusion which dissolves at
the command of God.

line 17—Vision and union are not to be grasped by in-
tellectual effort. They are acts of grace.

XX.

line 1—He who seeks God must not rely on his own exertions, but rather allow himself, wisely passive, to be swept along by the unseen current of divine energy in which all finite existences are flowing backwards to their original source.

XXI.

line 7—The heart entangled in the Beloved's tresses typifies, (1) Man bewildered and held captive by worldly illusions and (2) as here, the lover spellbound in contemplation of the mysterious beauty of God.

XXV.

line 15—Koran II. 18: 'they put their fingers in their ears because of the crashing thunder, for fear of death.'

line 31—The uninitiated.

XXVI.

line 1—"Self" refers here, not, as it commonly does, to Man's phenomenal individuality, the cheating mask which prevents him from seeing things as they are, but to the divine spark or spirit which dwells within him and cannot die. This is the true 'self.'

line 17—Never mind the parts: look at the whole.

XXVII.

line 14—The idea that rubies are colored by the sun.

"Thy curving lip reveals that rubies borrow
Their lustre from the world-enlightening orb."

HAFIZ

XXVIII.

line 3—Because the soul is the mirror of God, in whom all images are contained.

XXX.

line 11—The world resembles a dyeing-vat in which the soul is colored (ie. blackened by association with Not-being).

line 17—The bosom of the shirt serves as a pocket, and loose money is often carried in the sleeve.

XXXI.

line 11—When every trace of finite existence is swept away, the Infinite remains.

line 15—‘O He’ (Jahve, Jehovah), one of the most familiar darvish-cries.

line 17—Spiritual rapture and ecstasy.

XXXII.

line 3—The celestial fire of love.

XXXIV.

line 1—The human mind, by the necessity of its nature, cannot form any idea whatsoever except through the medium of symbols, images, and impressions. All these, whether sensual or spiritual, partake of Not-being, and therefore veil and obstruct the divine light.

line 11—The body.

XXXV.

line 13—Use the language of mystics, speak in parables.

line 15—In the presence of, and not yet separated from, the divine artificer.

“He kneaded the clay of Adam forty days.”

line 17—The phenomenal world.

line 19—Because the soul was reluctant to enter the world, and hated the body in which it was doomed to captivity.

XXXVI.

line 1—To migrate.

line 21—These lines are addressed to the sober worldly man whose heart, devoid of warmth and sincerity, is satisfied with mere observance and ceremonial; who has nothing but contempt for raptures, ecstasies, and illuminations; to whom it is incredible that religion should ever rise to a passion or become an “affair of the heart.”

XXXVII.

line 3—God is foreign to the world, yet never absent from it, ie. He at once transcends and pervades all phenomenal existence.

XXXVIII.

line 1—"I am he whom I love, and he whom I love is I;
We are two souls dwelling in one body.
When thou seest me, thou seest him,
And when thou seest him, thou seest us both."

MANSUR HALLAJ

XXXIX.

line 5—The Keeper of the garden of created things, ie. God.

XLII.

line 11—From Brown's *Dervishes* "They (the Mevleves) commence by forming a circle, seated on sheep-skins spread on the floor at equal distances from each other; they remain nearly half-hour in this position, the arms folded, the eyes closed, the head inclined, and absorbed in profound meditation.'

XLIII.

line 7—The base phenomenal alloy, which enters into the composition of every creature, is purified and spiritualised by Love, as was Moses, when God revealed himself in glory to Mt. Sinai and made it dust, and Moses fell in a swoon.

KORAN VII. 139

XLIV.

line 9—In order to penetrate the inmost sanctuary of Absolute Being the pilgrim must brush aside all phenomenal illusions.

XLV.

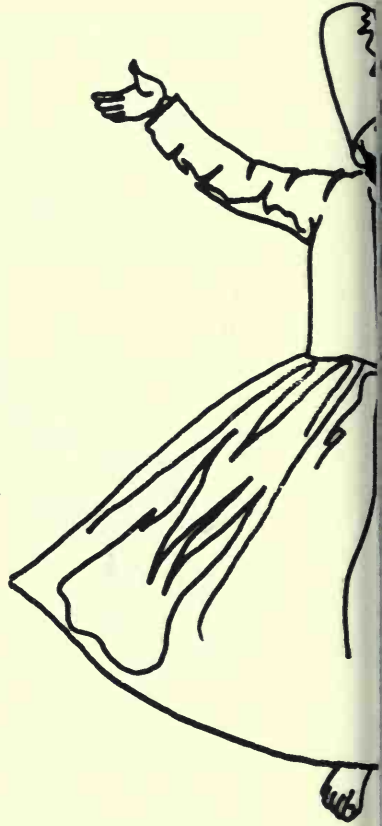
line 3—The pure gold of the spirit.

XLVIII.

line 5—The story of the 'white falcon,' whose beak and claws were cut by a 'vile old woman,' is told in the *Masnavi*.

line 21—All things tremble and flee before the wind of death; only the soul, conscious of immortality, remains unmoved and triumphant.









RUMI

DIVANI SHAMSI TABRIZ



The two men were in like of God. They became their own planet. Rumi, the earth, his function to uplift the consciousness of man, revolving around and finally merging with Shamsi, the sun. This is the ecstasy spoken of by the Sufis—to lose oneself in God-consciousness.



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE